Yet another five acts fill

For **TIPTOE39**, Gabriel/Castiel/Dean, NC-17.

My original author's notes: I don't know when this is set, but this has your exotic locales prompts, hints of your threesome prompt (you'll see what I mean) and implied Castiel/Gabriel/Dean/Sam. Hope you like it!

Gabriel pushes him into the sand and trails kisses down his arms, biting occasionally to give himself an excuse to lick there, and Castiel squirms under his touches, moaning as the waves lap at his feet and as Gabriel licks a circle on his hip.

"G-Gabriel!" Castiel manages, struggling to sit up, because - heeding Gabriel's call and appearing here hadn't meant that Gabriel had permission to make his clothes disappear and do this.

But Gabriel closes his lips around Castiel's tip and Castiel gives up on protesting entirely, pushing his hips up into Gabriel's open mouth.

He hears Gabriel hum approval, and he grips at the sand as Gabriel takes him in deeper, shuddering.

A shadow falls across him and Castiel stills as he spots Dean standing above him, and Gabriel works his tongue and Castiel can't even begin to speak, to ask how long Dean's been there, had Dean planned this with Gabriel, but -

Dean crouches by his head and slips two fingers into Castiel's mouth, and Castiel whines before he sucks at them, eyes on Dean's.

He feels Gabriel pat his hip, and he flicks his tongue over Dean's fingers and as he comes a wave surges over them, not that Gabriel will stop sucking for anything, but Dean steadies himself by putting his other hand on Castiel's shoulder.

Castiel breathes around Dean's fingers as Gabriel surfaces, pulling himself up to drag Dean's fingers free to kiss Castiel, and then, then he pulls Castiel up into a sitting position, so he can see Dean, and Sam off on a towel, watching.

Castiel swallows and looks up at Dean, who is looking at Gabriel.

"Gabriel, when I said give him a warm welcome, this wasn't what I meant!"